

[Cuts] An elegy, composed on the death of Mr. Benton, student of physic, Miss Gaffield and Miss Mills, who were drowned in a pond in Tyringham, July 3, 1812. S. D. Newsalem, August, 1812.

AN ELEGY, *Composed on the death of Mr. BENTON, student of Physic, Miss. GAFFIELD and Miss. MILLS, who were Drowned in a Pond, in Tyringham, July 23, 1812.*

FROM *Tyringham* comes fatal news, Which now employs the lab'ring muse; And thus proclaims to low and high, "The king of terrors may be nigh."

2 Affecting news, which makes appear, While we are thoughtless, void of fear; Death, day or night, may us surprise, And suddenly may close our eyes.

3 We now have cause to mourn the fate Of three dear youths, we hear of late, Whose life compares unto a flow'r; Or grass, which withers in an hour!

4 One day in health and youthful bloom, But suddenly laid in the tomb; To dangers they were each expos'd, But now their scenes of life are clos'd.

5 *Five* Ladies and *Two* Gentlemen, Were all agre'd and form'd a plan; Thoughtless of danger, they were fond To sail, for pleasure, on a pond.

6 The dang'rus pleasure they pursue, And all embark in a Canoe; Without sufficient warning there, To shun the flatt'ring, fatal snare.

7 Their pleasing prospects soon took flight, And vanish'd like a dream of night! With grief I speak it and regret, They twenty rods from shore, upset!

8 My pen, I own, cannot express, That dreadful scene of great distress! When they were turned from the boat! And on the water they did float!

9 Kind Mr. *Buell*, near the spot, Beheld their most unhappy lot— Exerted all his skill and pow'r, And sav'd *three* ladies in that hour!

10 The others' lives he could not save, *Three* sunk into the wat'ry grave! *One* gentleman ashore did swim, Which was the means of saving him.

11 May those young persons sav'd alive, And their deceased friends surviv'd; Be truly thankful they were not Left there to perish on the spot!

12 A tribute sure they owe of praise, To him who lengthen'd out their days; Who did observe their dreadful grief, And sent a friend to their relief.

13 May they neglect not to record, The wond'rus goodness of the Lord! Who heard, when in distress they cry'd; And spar'd their lives, while others di'd!

14 Let their confession now be thus, "Not unto us, not unto us;" But to thy goodness, Lord, our breath Was that sad hour, repriev'd from death.

15 I leave them now for to prepare, To walk in wisdom's ways with care;— Improve each mercy, bear the rod, And live as witnesses for God.

16 I now address myself to those, (Although a stranger,) must suppose; By heartfelt trials now are griev'd, Who of dear children are bereav'd,

17 I hope their parents won't refuse, My imperfections to excuse; Compassion moves me to indite, And sympathy my pen, to write!

18 When the Alwise, the sov'reign God, Is pleased to inflict the rod; 'Tis mortals' duty to be still Submissive to his holy will.

19 'Tis painful to the human heart., With friends and relatives to part; We're apt to say, in painful hours, No grief on earth compares with ours!

20 Compose your minds, I pray, and see, The justice of that wise decree; Which was proclaim'd to man at first, That he should surely "*turn to dust.*"

21 In calmness, now resign to heav'n, Those choicest blessings it has giv'n; In humble manner them resign, Obedient to the will divine,

22 Ye mourning parents now adieu, My youthful friends, I turn to you, May these unhappy victims' fall Become a warning to you all.

23 Your Brother and your Sisters hurl'd, In sudden manner from the world! Should fill your minds with holy fear, And make your mourning more sincere,

24 And may relations more remote, With fervency themselves devote;— Improve this dreadful
dispensation, As best becomes their situation.

25 Young people learn by this event, Your days in wisdom should be spent; Remember that the hand
of fate, May call upon you, when too late.

26 While in this world make it your pleasure To gain the most exalted treasure; And see you
adoration give To your preserver, while you live.

27 How many in their bloom and prime, Are call'd to bid adieu to time; This mortal lesson teacheth
thus, "*Prepare dear youth, to follow us.*"

28 As these dear youths in graves are laid, May Angels' wings their tombs o'ershade; And heav'n
respect the sacred ground, 'Till the last solemn trump shall sound!

S. D. Newsalem, August, 1812.

222

4/2/19

49/30